

Booster—For heaven's sake, Strut, old boy, what are you doing in that garb? Been in a wreck?
 Cobbler—Pard! No; not so loud; you know it is not safe for me to be recognized this time of the year.



Hiram Milkweed—What are the prices of your rooms?
Hotel Clerk—The highest are the lowest and the lowest are the highest.

"My son," said the father, as he laid down his newspaper and turned to his 8-year-old son, "here is another case where a young man took over a thousand dollars of his employer's money to bet on the races, and is now under arrest and will go to prison."

"It is sad," murmured the young man, in reply.

"Of course, it's sad. This makes at least 20 instances I've read of in the course of a year. I hope you will let the warning sink deep into your heart."

"Father," asked the young man, after a little thought, "how many young men are there in the country who are so situated that they can get hold of their employer's money?"

"Um! Well, perhaps close on to a million."

"And out of the million only 20 have been discovered and arrested in a whole year. That's about one chance in 50,000, and I think I'll take it and play, at least, for second place."

First Tramp—Did you get a cold handout up at the farmhouse?
Second Tramp—No; the farmer's wife sent two hands out, and they were hot,
I tell you.



Mrs. Smith—Our new cook helped us to remember our crystal wedding anniversary.
Smith—In what way?
Mrs. Smith—She broke a set glass with a stand and four glasses.

"All this day, sir, have I wandered up and down in search of a job."

"Peste! Hadst thou come a day earlier I could have employed thee to publicly announce the virtues of my N. O. molasses. Today I am sold out. Wouldst accept of me a little of the long green and pursue thy search for work?"

"You are too good."

"Oh, not at all. Here is a stalk of celery. The color is green and the length is fair. I give it with a free hand."

"And I accept with many thanks, and I denounce thee as an old bald-head, a dint-hearted deceiver and the owner of a smile that will come off in a hurry the first time I catch you around the corner after dark!"



Handout—Didn't you ever have a job?
Weary Willie—Oh, yes!
Handout—Why did you leave it?
Weary Willie—I woke up!

"My dear man," replied the woman as he rested a chunk of ice on the sidewalk and drew a long breath, "I am quite willing to admit that now and then in my hurry I may have given short weight in my ice, but at other times I have tried to make up for it. Anyhow, human nature is so constituted that what it don't know it don't grieve over."

"In other words, if a man don't know that his weight is short he will have nothing to complain of?" said the klieker.

"That's it, exactly. I am supposed to give you 25 pounds of ice daily. If you don't get but 20 and don't know it you are just as well off."



Barnes Tormer—The Drama is declining! Yes, sir, I have done nothing lately but play to empty houses!

Rival Starr—Yes, I should think your playing would do that very successfully!



The Nimrod—Now if I only don't git dat "buckague" dey tells about I'm all right!

"Sir," said the grocer to the hard-up, looking man who was hanging about in front of his store, "I take you to be a man who understands causes and results."

"You are correct," was the reply. "If I should swipe a bag of potatoes that would be cause for a cop to arrest me."



"Would'st accept of me a little of
the long green?"

"Here, indeed, is perspicacity," smiled the grocer, "and as you are a man to my liking I fain would do something for you. What shall it be?"



Chapple—Do you know that athletic-looking girl? Her face is familar to me, dontcherknow.

Yalevard—Yes? Well, take my advice, my boy; don't you get famillar to her face!



A FATHERLY ADVANTAGE.

"It was this way," said the saleswoman in a music store as he shook his head and sighed sadly. "She was a charming girl. She came in here after music and made her acquaintance. By and by she asked me to call. At my third call she was not at the door to receive me, but her servant said: 'Young man, this is your third call at my house,' he said in tones that made chills run down my neck."
"Yes, sir."
"And what brings you here, sir?"
"I am frustrated that I couldn't answer, and after a moment he demanded: 'Do you come to see my daughter or to see my servant?'"
"To play poker with you," I answered.
"Then come on."
"I went into the library, and in the course of an hour he had skinned me out of \$12 in cash and had my I. O. U. for \$200."
"And the romance is ended?"
"For sure. Too much poker and not enough romance is bound to discourage any young man."



"Do you come to see my daughter
or play Poker with me?"



The Well-Advertised Actress—In my new play in the first and second acts I wear a calico dress.